

[Close Encounters](#) by [Luddleston](#)

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Summary:

Lance and Keith get stuck in the elevator on their way to the pool. Things get about 1000% too real.

"Dude. We have to get out of here, we have to—oh my god, oh my god, we're going to run out of oxygen and die."

"Well, we might if you keep hyperventilating like that."

"Not helpful! Ugh, I'm going to die with Keith. Ew. I'm going to die with Keith, and I'm going to die before I even get to kiss Allura or become a super-badass hero, or even have sex, oh, holy quiznak, I'm going to die a virgin."

Close Encounters

Author's Note:

- For [SizzlyCrisp](#).

LISTEN. THINGS HAPPENED IN THAT ELEVATOR. YOU CAN'T TELL ME OTHERWISE.

Also, pls laugh at my title. Get it? Because Keith is an alien.

There will be a part two in Keith's POV!

The second the lights went out in the elevator, Lance had to go through a full workout of mental exercises to keep from panicking. *It's fine, it's fine*, he thought, *I've been through worse, I've fought evil space aliens, I am not going to die*, but he was still just a little claustrophobic, and it had him pawing around in the darkness for something solid, because he needed confirmation that he was not lost in complete nothingness.

The first thing he found was not the wall. At least, he was pretty sure it wasn't the wall, because the wall wouldn't start swearing at him.

"What the hell, Lance, would you cut it out?" Keith snapped, slapping Lance's hands off him. Lance wasn't even sure what part of Keith he'd been touching, because his senses were dulled from panic.

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"Well, we might if you keep hyperventilating like that."

"Not helpful! Ugh, I'm going to die with *Keith*. Ew. I'm going to die with Keith, and I'm going to die before I even get to kiss Allura or become a super-badass hero, or even have sex, oh, holy *quiznak*, I'm going to die a virgin."

"Lance. Calm down," Keith said, "we're not going to die." He had to grab Lance by the shoulders to get him to stop ranting, and he carefully placed his hands where Lance's towel already was, so he didn't touch Lance's skin. How could Keith see so much better than him in here? Lance blinked again and again, but his eyes hadn't adjusted enough for him to see more than the faint outline of Keith's body. His hair just melted into the black. Creepy.

Lance folded his arms, and it made Keith let him go. "Okay, so how do you suggest we get out of here?"

"Well," Keith said, and from the sound of things, he was looking up. "We could pop the emergency hatch and get out into the elevator shaft, but I'm not sure how close we are to the top. In any case, we won't asphyxiate that way."

Lance's breaths were already starting to settle, and he slumped against the wall of the elevator. This couldn't be too bad. Until one of them had to pee, that is. Then, it would become hellish pretty quick. "Okay, but how do we get up there?" he asked.

"I'll lift you," Keith said, casually, as if he went around hoisting adult men onto his shoulders every day. Lance's heart was pounding a little, probably because being up high in the dark, cramped elevator was not something he wanted to do, not because the idea of Keith being able to lift him was weirdly... attractive.

Nah, not attractive. It had to just be his brain connecting the idea of that to the fantasy he had of Allura picking him up in her strong arms, and—shut up, thirst.

"Yeah. Yeah, that sounds okay."

"Cool," Keith said, "Let's go."

"Hold on, I gotta wait for my eyes to adjust," Lance said, "I can't see shit in here." He waved a hand in front of his face to demonstrate, or at least, he would have, but he ended up putting it on Keith's chest instead. "Whoa,

whoa! Sorry, man," he said, snatching his appendage back like Keith was literally on fire.

Keith's sigh was so loud, Lance was pretty sure it bounced around all the walls in an attempt to vocally bitch-slap him. "Would you calm down," Keith said, "so much internalized homophobia."

"No, I don't have that, I have ADHD, it causes *anxiety*, Keith, and I don't like *small spaces*," he explained, like he was talking to a child. Or an idiot. Keith was the latter.

Keith sounded like he was pouting. Lance was pretty sure he was pouting. "It's not a disorder, stupid. I'm saying, you're so weird about touching dudes and it being 'gay,' or whatever."

He absolutely did *not* have that. "I hug Hunk all the time!" Everyone hugged Hunk all the time, though. Even Pidge "Don't Touch Me Unless You Want to Get Hit" Gunderson hugged Hunk. "Okay, so that doesn't count, probably. I don't see where you're—I mean, I *might* get a little weird about Shiro sometimes, because he makes me *feel things*, but every guy is like that sometimes! It's like, a man-crush."

"And there's the fact that you denied our bonding moment."

"You're still mad about that!?"

"Yes!" Keith shouted, and when he stepped forward, Lance swore he felt the elevator rock. He was all up in Lance's business now, inches away from him. "Yes, I'm still mad about that! I'm fucking pissed, because every time stuff gets emotional, you have to pretend it didn't happen, because you don't want to be gay, or whatever."

"That's not why—"

"Then what the hell is this!?"

"This would be you cornering me in an elevator where, might I add, there's literally no room for me to not be within a foot of you," Lance said.

Keith honest-to-god *growled* a little—or at least, that's what Lance thought that frustrated noise was. "No, asshole, I'm talking about *this*," he said, and that was when things got really weird.

See, because Lance assumed that when Keith rushed him like that, he was going to punch him, or maybe, like, headbutt him or something. But instead, Keith grabbed Lance's towel, hauled him in, and kissed him, forcefully enough that their teeth knocked together, which, ow, Lance was not a fan of. But then Keith tilted his head, and Lance sighed against his mouth a little, because it felt *amazing*.

"Whoa," Lance said, when Keith pulled away. Keith didn't let go of his towel, but he still wouldn't touch Lance's skin. Lance's lips felt hot, still, like Keith had burned them, a firey reminder that Keith had *kissed him*. Oh, quiznak. No. Allean obsceneties didn't feel strong enough for this. Oh, *fuck*. "Do you like me, or something?"

"No," Keith said, but he kissed Lance again, chucking the towel on the floor and putting his arms around Lance's shoulders. Lance got an arm around Keith's waist and squeezed him closer, until their chests touched. This time, the way Keith had aligned their lips was perfect, and Lance put a shaking hand in his hair. He kissed better than that mermaid. He also did not have a jellyfish on his head, but still, there was no competition between what Lance imagined were probably cold, wet fish lips, and Keith's searing-hot touch.

Keith backed him against the wall of the elevator, their lips smacking apart for a second before coming back together on a different angle. Keith dragged his hands down Lance's chest, and *shit*, it was a good thing he was backed into the wall, because his knees were starting to go weak. The kiss got sloppier, both of them exhaling wetly across each others' lips, and Keith put his hand on the side of Lance's neck, fingers digging in.

Lance was dead. The elevator had obviously severed from its cable and crashed through the floor and he was dead, and this was either heaven or hell, he couldn't figure it out, but he didn't care, because Keith was letting him tangle his hands in his hair and suck on his lower lip and Keith was

moaning into his mouth, and Lance had never experienced anything this sexy.

When Keith stepped away, breathing hard, Lance foggily came to the realization that he was, in fact, alive, and that he'd just kissed his nemesis, and it was the kind of kiss that could easily have led to more.

Not that he wanted more!

Except that he did, he wanted to step forward to meet Keith again, to put his hands around Keith's hips and see what was under those swim trunks, to take the both of them to the floor of this elevator, and *fuck the lack of oxygen*, he wanted to *do* Keith right now. Oh, ew. Ew, ew, gross. He wanted to get in Keith's pants. That was the *worst*, and yet, nothing stopped him from taking a step toward Keith and pushing him against the opposite wall, nothing stopped him from grabbing Keith's face in his hands and kissing him again, until his lips hurt.

Keith's hands scrabbled on his sides, like he couldn't decide where to put them, and he kissed back so enthusiastically, Lance honestly thought, for a second, that they were about to get naked in there. But then, Keith pushed him back, hands on his chest, holding him at arms' length for a second and wiping his mouth with the back of his other hand.

"Come on. We're getting out of here," he said, and Lance felt like the stumbling step back he took was the step you take when you miss a stair and your stomach drops straight through the ground. He felt like he was falling, and not in a good way.

He swayed a little in place. "Oh. Right. Yeah." A deep breath.

Lance committed himself to forgetting that this happened as soon as they were out of here.

Author's Note:

Now with a sequel: [Love You Like it's the End of the World](#)

Come talk to me about Lance's emotions and his beautiful face on
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